"400" MOURN WITH LISPENARD.

The President Shocks New York Society by Refusing an Office to One of Its Leaders.

Chandler's Scheme of Seizing Carnegie's Armor Plant Would Mean Profit for the Manufacturer in the End.

Government Would Eventually Pay About Five Times What the Property Is Worth---Vest to Fight the Retroactive Clause.

By Alfred Henry Lewis.

WASHINGTON, April 11.—Lispenard Stewart has had something horrid happen to him, don't you know. It's quite the talk down here. It seems McKinley refused Lispenard Stewart the Secretaryship of our Legation at St. James—actually took Lispenard's name, McKinley did, between his thumb and finger, and despite the piteous plea of the "Four Hundred," then on their patrician knees for this favor, dropped it plumb out of the question. The outraged "Four Hundred" then arose, brushed the dust from their trousers, and withdrew, glaring and saying: "Beware!"

McKinley named White, whom Hay asked for. But the furlined "400" can't understand it; they brood over the Lispenard rejection in a sullen low-browed way and denounce in lisping whispers the parent of Little Breeches, who, preferring White to Stewart, procured McKinley to do the same. The "400 cannot forgive the episode. And they can't get it straight in their noddles.

They go into politics as they now and then go slumming; and, having gone into politics, thus to have the White House turn down administered to them as coolly as if they were the commonest plebeian scum of party is as great a shock as if while slumming they had been caught in a shower of rocks in some alley of Cherry Hill.

Platt was with the petitioning patricians, kneeling in the front row. The blue blood effect, too, rather caught your Uncle Hanna for a moment and he started to interfere. But McKinley, who now and then does tricks of his own, shut an eye toward your Uncle Hanna and whispered, "Paws off, Pompey," and at that signal your Uncle Hanna, with much docility, stood "paws off." It thus turns grievously out that Lispenard Stewart will not go to St. James's, albeit the blow is not expected to lame that great leader for life.

"Mongoose" Spooner, of Wisconsin.

Chandler and the Carnegies.

The Senate Vesuvius is smoking and a heavy fire-fed cloud hangs above the crater. Those volcanic old gentlemen who make up the Senate are several of them threatening an eruption. Chandler is giving notice that he will take a fall out of the armor plate muddle and incidentally put a crimp in the Carnegies and others who have made of themselves a naval iron combine. Chandler threatens trouble, while that Senate anthropophagus, the man-eating Tillman, is filing his teeth.

Chandler is a sort of Congressional pepperbox. Once he gets his cover off he is like to bring tears to ones eyes. Chandler wants to swoop on Carnegie's armor plate works and rive them from him. Then we would go on, according to Chandler, and make our own armor plate.

Vest; Bad and from Bitter Creek.

You know the situation. The Government has said it wouldn't go higher than $300 per ton for armor plate. While this is $100 too high, the armor platers, mindful that they are possessed of the only armor plate plants on our soil, and hpeing withal prone to regard themselves as possessed of a cinch, and thereby encouraged to play the hog, decline to talk of $300. They must have $400. Until they get $400 the armor platers will not bat an eye nor wag an ear. They will not turn a wheel. They have caught Uncle Sam out on a limb, and they will make the most of it.

With three battle ships on the stocks, Long, of the Cabinet, feels the crying need of armor. The public is suffering for armor. So Long throws up his hands. He sends word to Congress that the holdups of armor plate have got the drop on us and we might better shell out the $400 they talk of.

At this crisis Pepperbox Chandler's lone war yell is heard in the hills. He has become hostile. Pepperbox Chandler—a modern Alexander—would cut the Gordian knot by grabbing Carnegie's works and kicking that eminent Scotch person into the street. Carnegie would then be left to moan and groan before the Court of Claims for his damages. So says Pepperbox Chandler.

Now I don't know about this. As I cross to leeward the faint odor of negro seems wafted from this woodpile. This may be a good way for the armor platers to get rid of and sell to Uncle Sam-out-on-the-limb—your Uncle Sam seems to live out on a limb—a decayed and back number plant. Mob violence has its attractions; and Pepperbox Chandler's virile scheme at first blush rather lures me. And it will make a hit with those of Congress, too. There are statesmen who wouldn't vote a dollar to buy Carnegie's works, who would be proud to lead in its seeming confiscation.

But I fear these spirited proceedings would please our old Scotch iron monger too well. It would amount in the last chapter to selling the Government his time-worn plant. If one pauses and ponders a bit, one will see that once the Government takes these armor plate plants, it will keep them. Carnegie will never ask for them; the country never give them up. It wouldn't be six months before some calm statesman would arise and shake the following trick out of his dispassionate sleeve. After painting before Congress the matchless joy of making your own armor plate, he would offer a resolution to purchase the Carnegie works outright, and name a Commission to fix the price.

This price-board would then put the figure away up above timber-line, Carnegie would be given a bundle of money big enough to choke a cow and retire with a clear conscience, and five times what his scrap heap was worth. I'm no seventh son of a seventh son, but I've seen these folks travel this trail before, and I know where all the wood and water are, and where and how they pitch their camps. Let Pepperbox Chandler ravish Carnegie's plants from that Highland chief of iron, and in three moves more Carnegie will have sawed the whole business on to us at 500 cents on the dollar. It would be another case of the country being left to hold the bag; an exercise, by the way, wherein the country with its wealth of bag holding experience ought to be skilled.

Vest on the Retroactive Clause.

Vest, the Senate bad man, and who, if he does not hail from Bitter Creek, at least his address ought to that acrid tributary, is also, they say, pending with a resolution. Vest will want to know if the tariff makers of the Republicans claim that they can search the past for revenue with a retroactive clause, and collect money from the dead. Vest holds that the mill will never grind again with the water that is past. He declares that even so expert a money rascal as the Republican party can't go into the inside pocket of the heretofore and take wealth therefrom. Vest expects to bring the whole swarm of tariff Republicans about his head with his resolution. This does not alarm Vest; he is grimly confident that he can have the whole outfit right then.

Mason, Fairbanks, Allen; the Three (Senate) Graces.

Vest's resolution will be so framed, I understand, as to declare against Congress possessing this retroactive tax collecting power. Its author expects it to succeed, and declares it is needed. The Republicans, with their awful bluff about going back on the trail in their tax hunt, have given commerce palpitation of the heart.

It is thought that Spooner, whose intelligence is as quick, alert and savage as a mongoose and who has hunted in this neck of woods before, and is therefore used to Senate ways, with Tillman, Aldrich and Quay, will be heard from on both the Chandler and the Vest resolutions, Allen, of Nebraska, the undoubted Alkali Ike of our upper house, will also "want in" on the rumpus.

To Study the Seal Question.

If Senators are so enamoured of resolutions, why doesn't some one of these togaed folk draft one to go into the junket presently planned by Gage in favor of John W. Foster and Hamlin? These are to go into the seal question throughout next Summer at stipends which will reach high-water mark.

It is a surprise that Gage could be led into such a humbug piece of business. No wonder Hamlin was able to discover in Gage those qualities of transcendent finance which he recently and fulsomely ascribed to him, and which last February he (Hamlin) would have pinned upon Carlisle as readily as might a two-bit florist a bunch of violets.

Foster and Hamlin are to be excursive among the seals; and Gage is founder of the feast. Now, Gage never would have enlisted Foster and Hamlin to thus flirt with the seal fisheries, if Gage were privately paying the shot. The Gageian amiability serves an illustration of how liberally we will stake up with money when the public is to wear the scar of the burning.

This Foster-Hamlin shoot-off after seals is the merest junket. If Gage had looked, he would have found that tons and tons of stuff have already been written about the seal. The very hairs of his head have been already numbered by this Government. The seal, as a literary subject, has been and is exhausted.

But this junket wasn't planned for the seal. That solemn animal was only the pretext, while Foster and Hamlin were the real reasons of this picnic's construction. It's off the same bolt of cloth with the whole Alaska business. It's very purchase was a job, and it has been the property of a private company ever since. They own every rock and tree and blade of grass; every seal, every buck, squaw and pappoose; everything in Alaska.

What does the Government get? A dwarf rental, which tax eaters consume. Alaska keeps our navy busy at a cost greater than the rental. What does the individual citizen of this country get out of Alaska as a general possession? Nothing. It is the barest swindle; the mere basis of a blood-sucker monopoly which the public is made to keep at its own expense and to which it in forty fashions must daily surrender its veins.

If some Senator will investigate Alaska; report—what is the plain fact—that Alaska is of no public use, good or benefit, but, on the contrary, costs a dollar for every dime it returns; if, I say, some Senator will do all this, and then see to it that Alaska is at once cut adrift to become the property of any who are hankering for an elephant of milk-white hue, that statesman would be a public benefactor. It might leave dry the millstones of such as Foster and Hamlin, but it would prove decisive, pleasant water on the country's wheel.

MRS. LEITER'S DILEMMA.

She Asked Sir Julian to Allow Olney to Escort Her, but He Refused.

Washington, April 11.—Society here was vastly amused to-day over a special dispatch in a New York paper purporting to give an account of certain high and mighty society jinks in which Sir Julian Pauncefote, the British Ambassador, was said to have been prominent. The story (the events referred to are, by the way, several weeks old), purported to tell about Sir Julian's adventures at one or two particularly pretentious houses, and his very haughty attitude with reference to the hostesses' arrangements for the dinner. It was there told how, on being invited, Sir Julian had demanded a diagram of the table and the location of the various guests, and how, on finding that he had not been placed in accordance with his own ideas, he refused to attend.

In another case, the story went on to say, Sir Julian made the same stipulation, and was assured by the hostess—Mrs. L. Z. Leiter—that he would have the place of honor. Upon going to table, however, Sir Julian found himself at the right of Joseph Leiter (the son of the house), while Mr. Hobart, Vice-President of the United States, occupied the seat at the right of the host. This is what amused Washingtonians so much, and will, no doubt, amuse New Yorkers equally, since the place of honor for a man is always next the hostess—not the host—and thus, according to the story, neither Sir Julian nor Mr. Hobart was treated with distinction.

The truth is that this is an old story of many weeks standing and that Mr. Hobart did not figure in it at all. The dinner in question was given by Mr. Olney, then Secretary of State, and Mrs. Leiter, in advance of any formal invitation, explained the matter to Sir Julian, asking whether she could be taken in by Mr. Olney, Sir Julian, who is a good natured, old middle-class Englishman, saw no objection, and an understanding was reached on the spot. It appears, however, that the Ambassador, on thinking it over, consulted Lady Pauncefote, changed his opinion as to the proprieties, and so informed Mrs. Leiter. He was reassured—for the course of a dinner at the Leiters' without Sir Julian would be in the family's eyes a failure—and so the fateful evening rolled around.

When Sir Julian entered the hall of the big white mansion on Dupont Circle he found in his envelope a card bearing the legend, "Mrs. Leiter." Mr. Olney, however, was not so fortunate. He found in his envelope not a mere card, but a somewhat garrulous note, not to say letter, expressive of Mrs. Leiter's regrets at not being able to assign herself to him, saying that Mr. Olney would have the honor of being conducted to the banquet by the "son and pride of the house," Mr. Joseph Leiter.

This is the real story of what actually occurred, and is so thoroughly characteristic of both the leading actors in the comedy as to need no corroborative testimony. The idea of Mr. Leiter's disregarding a wish of Sir Julian Pauncefote's when the Leiters are almost British subjects, and are altogether Anglomaniacs, is too puerile for serious consideration. Of course Mr. Olney went by the board, and Sir Julian dominated the occasion.